



Blot oh cover stained with unknown fluids hinting at a dubious year of fear. Holding a piece of clothing from a good person just feels good. This publication found on the floor of a very dirty gas station washroom. Punk or putrid murder zine hand scratched random but focused on satan death and depravity.



Death Mantis: ho ho ho RED Gient I will RED RED RED
RUM I Will M lyrics from thor oh anger angerrrr is
my midle name. Rob Zombie Rage in a Cage, unknown
auther Neg. Begets (-) Red White and Red Then Comes
the blues. To cure the curse Bite the Tail. Poison cure,
11:11 666



4 eyes and a cyclops swastika inverted crosses faces in faces multy eyes single eye. Doubled lettering Death to the dead the dead befor befor they die die die my darling, misfits refrence. The theme seems to be Death to the dead befor they die die die.



THE HAMMER AXE IS A HOME MADE BLUDGEN TOOL WITH SCULL SPIKES AND DEFENCE SPIKES. The wrightings state, Fuck you in your face fucking fuck people they get fucked penile handle fuck you....killer.

Fire Shoot shoot sound kills. I was here hammer hammer don't ask why Manimal Gun club mind Imagines single round, round 2 fight. Sledge hammer build brains busted.random and blood spattered you can feel the anger. The paper smells like urine and feels water loged or like it has been wet soked. Like the scenes that my mind conjurse when I see this stuff on walls of murder sites and movie sets were people went missing.



Kill for a thrill, thrill kill kill f.u.2 True crime wrighters
horror flix human decay. Dear society: I'm not you or
you or you. Fuck them all there is death in the world
Fuck them F Uck. Find the killer is God Hail Satan J
Hod unholy war. I home made knife was found in the
tailet in the back tank in a bag in the water. There was
blood dried in the bag evidence but I am not gonna fuck
with it its pictured but not here.



F a c e s watch us in our mind from our mind trapped inside eating our good and shitting into the toilet of our mind we are and you are we and I am not me but one of the faces in the crowded house of my inner head muscle flex and release....death is a face we can not face and if our face is off like a mask we can never face ourselves.

I am Lew surfer I woke up one day with a very odd feeling I didn't eat my breakfast had been up many times last night with an electrical storm there was a nightmare it haunts.



I was caught up in a satanic killing cult. We were mass murder serial cult killers. I would tell you it is a romantic obsession this is to say we fell for the mystic lure. People wear our views on our shirts jackets faces. We saw monsters the monsters that victimize society but we were the ones called monsters.



I for one saw myself as a manson like guru of death violence corruption and lawlessness, we killed so often people grew used to it until we did it up right. It was the morning kind of foggy krizty fux had crossed us so we laid in wait outside a very public bread shop. We jumped out dawned in cloaks and with a series of dagger stabbs repeatedly and in a sea of christy blood like gods children draining out and nobody saw us but that was all in our mind. So what was real?



The real deal is we were real monsters caught up in a self image of only the dead and we are the blood thirsty demons that haunt this earth, I will tell you as I can clearly assert I have a grasp on reality but a rejection of this that makes me use violence towards the world of god your god to explain whats on my mind. The hive mind of satan filled us with a way from suffering to dominate a primordial response to the steam roller progression into regression. We are from the shadows of the dark ages. We were nobodys that wanted to somebody. We walked downtown and in 16 hours of horror we killed 27 people in so many different ways we became somebodys. We allowed the newest of our group took the fall at the end of the day we escaped the

maylay and the others were identified as satanic cult members cctv caught us slipping away but weeks later our world for that week filled with crack and meth abuse and an oily look came over the whole world to us.



We were surrounded with death religion defilement snuff movies rage leading to happy cheering for satan and in one blink of the left eye we saw body parts blood stains. The toilet was stained with blood shit puke parts in the shower. We were not insain but a madness came over us we were devil mad, we had the pope in our back pocket. We sent letters on satanic letterhead telling him we have murdered ones of his flock that did not stand for any true value so therefor became deceivers and for both groups could no longer live. He sent us an

official papal letter saying simply OK.....it was most likely fake by one of our guys to manipulate the situation. We used Satan as a tool for Violante and hate control we were a new wave of religious murderers. We were not serial killers or at least not only we had a killing field that was findable by air so we were caught or caught up still.



Half of us were just into the death movies interested into Manson and other post ww2 murderers we were at war with society and we got with some older military guys and this style of obsession created a need to kill more people then had ever been killed in the name of...we were going off the rails and felt the line blurring between the movies music and all saturation we were in

the movies we have one name but many bodys we stand from the flames of hell and we hear the story of satanic murderers the details will stick with me through 4 life sentences. But are we here or in another realm we still roam the streets and watch for the rise again of Satan at witch time we will again stain gods green earth a crimson mars red. Behind the faces of the most mundane looking people lurks the mind of a killer look at yourself in the wake of destruction and blood letting, It could happen at the bus stop at the mall just a public place gun shots will ring out saying I will start the last war. Anyone could be part of this start or restart one crazy killer starting line and on one sunday morning we will wait to turn this world into our own killing field unless we were just living a disillusion.

Hail Satan from my mind to yourself
Darkjoe slaughter